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The Private Murders



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Chapter 1 by Luke Crofts

The rain lashed down outside as he sat behind a beautiful mahogany desk. An untouched glass of brandy stood firmly on desk. The fire crackled loudly in the background. Slowly he got up from his chair and grabbed his leather gloves.

Chapter 2 by Vega Venice



He stumbled outside the rain shimmering down from the sky. He grabbed his gun from the side table by the door. He slowly counted the bullets.

1....2....3....4....5..

He stoped as he heard foot steps behind him. He lashed around cocking the gun into place aiming it at the body that was trying to sneak up behind him.

The person froze. The Man quickly realized this person was his daughter, Maggie. Maggie held a doll to her chest while rubbed her eyelids softly. She didnt realize a gun was pointed at her.

"Maggie." The Man said slipping the gun in his back pocket, "You shouldn't be up, Its pasted your bed time.

He bent over trying to scoot her along.

"But Daddy," She began looking at him with her sad blue eyes, "Whats that noise outside?"

He stopped the gun and looked up at his daughter.

"Nothing. Go back to bed."

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"I'm going to check it out." James gripped his hands around the gun in his pocket and opened the front door of there house.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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